Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes the more.
Ben. In loue.
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of loue.
Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tirannous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see pathwaies to his will:
Where shall we dine? ô me! what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Here's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then ô brawling loue, ô louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanitie,
Mishapen Chaos of well seeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Dooest thou not laugh?
Benu. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good hart at what?
Benu. At thy good harts oppression.
Romeo. Why such is loues transgression:
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propogate to haue it preast,
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe, too too much of mine owne.
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purgd, a fire sparkling in louers eies,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreete,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweete:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft I will go along:
And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hees some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?
Ro. What shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who?
Ro. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.
Ben. I aymde so neare, when I supposde you lou'd.
Ro. A right good mark man, and shees faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke faire Coze is soonest hit.
Romeo. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastitie well armd,
From loues weak childish bow she liues vncharmd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th'incounter of assailing eies.
Nor ope her lap to saint seducing gold,
O she is rich, in bewtie onely poore,
That when she dies, with bewtie dies her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she wil still liue chaste?
Ro. She hath, and in that sparing, make huge waste:
For bewtie steru'd with her seueritie,
Cuts bewtie off from all posteritie.
She is too faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
Shee hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Ro. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing libertie vnto thine eyes,
Examine other bewties.
Ro. Tis the way to call hers (exquisit) in question more,
These happie maskes that kis faire Ladies browes,
Being black, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget